

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 11.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1842.

[Vol. II. 1842.]



GAZELLE HUNTING.

## Original Communications.

### GAZELLE HUNTING.

THESE animals, whose eyes, for brightness and beauty, furnish similes to poets, whose form is like that of the roebuck, and whose swiftness is proverbial, are to be found in Syria, in Mesopotamia, and in all the other provinces of the Levant, as well as in Barbary and in all the northern parts of Africa.

A French traveller who had visited Asia Minor, and had sojourned for some time at Alexandria, gives the following interesting

account of the gazelle, and of gazelle hunting:—

"These animals," he says, "prefer the desert for their abode, in traversing which we have often met them. Far from being startled by the sight of our caravan, they very frequently stopped and fixed their bright eyes upon us till we had passed; but if we made a noise, or attempted to approach them, they immediately fled. The parts of the desert

which they prefer, are those where the ground is smooth and covered with sand. In the daytime it is rarely that we see more than four or five together; but towards evening they assemble in flocks, to pass the night. When the hunter finds out those places, he surprises them, and is certain of capturing a few. The Arabs have several ways of catching them. They dig holes in the most frequented places, cover them over, into which the gazelle falls, and thus becomes an easy prey. There is another method of hunting which they adopt, one more in accordance with their tastes, because it is attendant on more exertion,—that is, with dogs, assisted by the falcon, or with the ounce. This latter fine animal, tamed for the purpose, accompanies the hunter, and when the prey is near, it is unchained, and the gazelles pointed out to it. The ounce immediately exerts all its art and fierceness in the pursuit; not only by running after them, but by turning and winding about till it is near its prey, when it at once bounds upon the gazelle, strangles it instantaneously, and sucks its blood: sometimes it misses its aim; then it does not continue the pursuit, but remains in the same place. Instinct has taught it that the gazelle cannot only run much swifter, but much longer, and that the chase would therefore be useless. When the hunter succeeds in taking one alive, a much larger sum is always to be had for it. They are very easily tamed; and in the East, there is scarcely a house of any consideration in which there is not a tamed gazelle, which is even admitted into the harem."

Wild gazelles are also taken by means of a tame one. The hunter fastens a snare, made of cord, to its horns, and when a herd of gazelles is found, the tame one is sent amongst them. No sooner does it approach, than the males of the wild herd advance to oppose it. They immediately begin butting with their horns, and soon get entangled in the noose. In this struggle they both commonly fall to the ground, when the active hunter springs forward, secures the one, and liberates the other.

#### THE CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN ABORIGINES OF THE TURKISH OR OSMANLI EMPIRE UPON CIVILIZED NATIONS.

*By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.*

##### PART I. THE CLAIMS OF THE ABORIGINES.\*

THE claims of the aborigines upon the protection of their conquerors is a subject which is lately beginning to attract much attention in Colonial Britain; and

\* Part II. will comprise the Present Condition and Prospects of the Osmanli Empire; and Part III. the Aspect and Position of the Missionary Enterprise in the same Quarter.

not less interesting and important are the claims of the uncivilized upon civilized nations.

In the practical operation of the first of these benevolent considerations, Great Britain stands at present far in advance of other nations. The generally destructive character of the intercourse between the more and the less civilized races, hitherto fatal to the weaker parties, has of late been considerably modified through good men's efforts in our own country. The most obvious examples of this kind are the attempts to abolish the slave trade from Africa to America, the more humane treatment of slaves, the partial abolition of negro slavery, and the attempts to legislate upon the conduct to be pursued in new colonies towards the aboriginal races.

In the second of these philanthropic emanations of a philosophic Christianity, the Germans, perhaps, stand at present among the very foremost of those who are pressing forward the most energetically to advance general civilization. It is not that other nations have been wanting in the genius that can make eloquent and feeling appeals on behalf of the less fortunate members of the human family whose feebleness and deficiencies in the hour of struggle are mistaken by the prejudiced for essential conditions of their existence, and whose adverse circumstances, which alone made their progress slow, have been too often aggravated by injustice. England indeed has reason to be proud of her Berkeley, her Granville Sharpe, and their followers, the Clarksons, Wilberforces, and Sturges; France may well boast her Gregoires and her Montyons; Spain her Las Casas; and America her Benezets, her Franklins, and her Penns: all men who have been engaged in the struggle of the oppressed of all ranks against the oppressors of all times. But in Germany there has been more steadiness of purpose and singleness of idea in the prosecution of the generous effort; and the genius of benevolence appears, from the number of its advocates, to be there no longer the gift of the few, but to have become a legacy to a nation.

From the days of Iselin, who in 1764 examined the idea that man has innate faculties capable in themselves of a complete development, to those of Gall, Spurzheim, and Tiedemann, a growing belief in this fact, which is now admitted as an incontrovertible position, has been gradually gaining ground, while a host of philosophic writers have been led from these physical facts to consider what also the future presented of promises in the amelioration of the condition of all mankind.

Three distinct schools arose out of the peculiar manner in which different orders of minds viewed the same general facts.

Kant held that by nature man is capable of indefinite perfection, and that freedom is the grand means of attaining it. Herder demonstrated the perfectibility of man, from the relations of matter to intellect, and from the innate tendency of matter to improve; and he shews that mankind has advanced steadily from the earliest period of history. Schelling, Lessing, and others, have rested upon religion for the improvement of man; and thus Kant became the leader of what is called the political school; Herder, of the natural school; and Schelling, of the religious school. Infinite subdivisions, as might be expected, took place in these great divisions; and thus, for example, in the religious school, Gorres pursues Schelling's principles with Roman-catholic views, while Steffens reasons upon principles of Protestantism.

But, debarred from all political discussion in the ordinary sense, the philosophies of history of the Germans, while they contain principles which most beneficially affect all uncivilized nations, and are often really well-reasoned schemes for the reform of societies, yet they want both a local and a practical application. The influence of philosophy in advancing schemes for human improvement has been very great indeed; but with it, as the sole panoply, liberty would ever be refused to the slave, and protection to the emancipated negro or the persecuted Rayah would ever be impossible. Great changes in policy—and that in a policy which looks to ulterior as well as to immediate results—can alone effect these things, and help the oppressed in their fearful struggles; and such changes come only through political discussion and political action.

#### OSMANLI TURKS.

It is unnecessary in the present day to advert to the fact that the Osmanli Turks have no other right to the great and rich countries, and for the most part formerly Christian, which they now rule over, than that of conquest. They are not the aborigines of the country; they rose to power within that country, but they came from without, subjugating at first the Greeks, and then all the different races which people that vast empire.

In Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, the subjugation of the oriental Christians by Muhammedanism anteceded the foundation of the Osmanli power. The abuses and corruptions which in the fourth and fifth centuries so grossly pervaded every Christian sect, and the endless religious controversies and contentions which convulsed the eastern world, if they did not suggest the idea of the general incorporation of all sects under one great faith to Muhammed, at least facilitated the overthrow of oriental Christendom.

Abou Bekr, the successor of Muhammed, published his resolution to spread the new doctrine through Syria at the point of the sword. The battle of Aiznadin, in July, 633, decided the fate of the capital. Emesa and Baalbek were taken the following year, and the Syro-Grecians made a last and ineffectual stand on the banks of the Hieromax. Jerusalem sustained a siege of four months. The conquest of Aleppo, A.D. 638, and that of Antioch which followed, completed the subjugation of Syria. The battle of Kadiisieh and the capture of Al Madayn (Ctesiphon), rendered the Arabs masters of Persia almost to the banks of the Oxus.

In this sweep of Christianity before the Muhammedan Arabs, Christian nations were dispersed, and some even entirely lost: such was the case with the kingdom of Hira on the Euphrates; probably from its isolated situation, and absence of historical annals. The Syro-Greeks retreated to the mountains and to Lesser Asia. The Syrians were dispersed, and are still to be met with throughout the East, from Lesser Asia to India beyond the Ganges. The Chaldeans of Mesopotamia retreated to the mountains, those of Susiana partly to India, and partly to the mountains. A few alone of each of these Christian races remained to brave the hostility of these conquerors; and while the Syrians still hung by the antique and venerated sites of Jerusalem and Antioch, the Chaldeans also clung to their episcopal sees of Edessa, Nisibin, Nineveh, and Baghdad.

Before the downfall of the Khalifs, the Turkish Sultans of the Seljukiyan dynasty had carried their arms into the Greek empire, and the defeat of Romanus Diogenes sealed the fate of Lesser Asia, and gave the first permanent footing to their future conquerors.

The Osmanli Turks made their appearance about 1226. The fall of Nicea and Nicomedia was followed by that of Brusa. The Osmanli Sultans crossed the Hellespont, and conquered Adrianople; and from the period of the fall of Constantinople to the present day (now nearly four centuries), has been one long usurpation, characterized only by a fierce hatred of the conquered, by incapability of civilization, bad government, luxurious and indolent habits, fanaticism, pride, and ambition, which occasionally roused the Osmanlis to a spirit of foreign conquest, and above all, by a stern, unyielding, inflexible hatred to Christianity, and to all that emanates from it, or assimilates them to it.

#### THE GREEK CHURCH.

The great Christian races that at present exist under Osmanli Muhammedan rule, are the Greek, the Armenian, the Slavonian, the Chaldean, and the Syrian. Of

the first, it is too well known to require much to be said here. The Rayah Greeks constitute a large proportion of the population of the great cities in European Turkey, and at Smyrna. They are more numerous in the European peninsula than in the Asiatic, in which they do not extend much beyond the districts of Koniye and Kaisariyeh to the south, being succeeded by an Armeno-Christian population; but to the north they extend to Trebizond, the temporary seat of one of their later dynasties.

#### THE ARMENIANS.

In this country we are apt to form our whole notions of an Armenian from the rich, intelligent, but deceitful banker or merchant of Constantinople or Smyrna; but they still exist throughout the Osmanli empire, and especially in their own long-lost country, under a very different aspect, although prostrated by so long a period of misrule and persecution.

It is remarkable that the comparative geography and annals of a country whose ecclesiastical history dates from the beginning of the fourth century, are among the least known to the learned and philanthropic of Europe. The sites of its successive capitals, Haicashin, Aragaz, Armavir, Tigranokert, Artashat, Chermesani, Erwandashat, and Valarshapat, are many of them not even known. There is no doubt, that were the literature of this remarkable people more studied, and the historical geography of the country drawn from its present obscurity, that a new state of feeling would be originated, for there is too much in the history of Armenia to interest the Christian and the philanthropist, not to awaken the most profound sympathy.

There are few countries that present more extraordinary pictures of the early struggles of Christianity against idolatry, in the memorable martyrdoms of the Vardanians and Levondians, who shed their blood in defending their church from the profanation of the fire worshippers and the followers of the Arabian prophet. Nor is there less material for inquiry, or for instructive exploration, in the remains of the dynasties of the Haic, the Arsacidae, the satraps of Persia, of the Khalifs, and of the Greeks, the era of Macedonian rule, that of the Bagration race of kings, or of the more humble Reubinian princes, moments of calm and comparative prosperity, swept across by the tempest-stroke invasions of a Gengiz Khan, or a Tamerlane, and the no less fearful devastations of a Shapur, or a Shah Abbas.

Notwithstanding the apparent prostrate patriotism of the Armenian of cities, the love of his ancient country, and the desire to see it re-established, exists in every bosom; but it is a sentiment which he is afraid to breathe, and the conversions

effected by the Jesuits from the ancient Armenian to the Roman-catholic church, has caused a division among themselves, for, like all seceders, the papists carry to a sad extreme their illiberal hatred of their more steadfast brethren.

Like the Greeks of Cappadocia, of Nicea, of Heraclea, and of Trebizond, clinging to their caverned dwellings, their rocky fastnesses, their lake-built city, and trading sea-ports, from generation to generation, amidst all kinds of political vicissitudes, Armenians are to be found, who appear to have dwelt on nearly the same spot from periods almost anterior to the historical era. How many travellers have not described the houses of the Armenian uplands, so precisely, to the very minutest details, the same now that they were in the times of Xenophon, three thousand years ago! Armenian towns, like Divrki and Arabkir, from time immemorial existing as such, are met with, isolated from all others, in the heart of Taurus; and their old and celebrated forts in Lesser Armenia, of Melitene and Carathiocerta, are still peopled chiefly by industrious people of the same nation.

The same races cover many of the richest plains of Asia Minor, with their cheerful villages and careful cultivation, and in no part of the country is industry to be seen carried to greater perfection than in the plain of Kharpur, the ancient Sophene, in the rich district of Khinis, in the fertile vale of Sivas, or the gardens of Melitene, scenes only rivalled by the Chaldean corn lands of Adiabene, or the profuse luxuriance of the mountain acclivities, tilled by the industrious Greeks, on the shores of the Black Sea.

(To be continued.)

#### DR. JOHNSON'S CHARACTER, BY MRS. BARBAULD.

"JOHNSON, I think, was far from being a great character; he was continually sinning against his own conscience, and then afraid of going to hell for it. A Christian and a man of the town; a philosopher and a bigot; acknowledging life to be miserable, and making it more miserable through the fear of death; professing great distaste to the country, and neglecting the urbanity of towns; a Jacobite, and pensioned; acknowledged to be a giant in literature, and yet we do not trace him, as we do Locke, or Rousseau, or Voltaire, in his influence on the opinions of the times. We cannot say Johnson first opened this vein of thought; led the way to this discovery, or this train of thinking. For his style, he was original, and there we can track his imitators. In short, he seems to be one of those who have shone in the *belles lettres*, rather than what he is held out by many to be, an original and deep genius in investigation."

There is some point in this criticism, but it is more sharp than just. What good man does not sin against his conscience, and then feel regret for it? What opposition is there between a Christian and a man of the town? What inconsistency is there in weariness of life, with fear of the state which may succeed it? We do not prefer the country to the town, for the purpose of indulging discourtesy and rudeness; nor the town to the country, because we love gentleness of temper and manner. Why should a man refuse a fairly-earned pension from a government whose measures he had supported, because he thought the title of its ancestors not so good as that of those whom they had displaced. He had not supported their politics against those whose title he had in early life espoused; but against those who were in principle and yet the unqualified enemies to that title. Why had he not as much influence on the times as Locke, Rousseau, and Voltaire? Because he was more a moralist than a politician; because he sought to propagate truth, not novelty; and because his writings could not be used to serve the purpose of parties and factions. As to opening new trains of thought, there are no discoveries to be made in morals, though there are in philosophy. Then as to his powers and merits being confined to the *belles lettres*, it is quite novel to hear the name of genius confined to the investigations of science. If so, what becomes of Shakspeare and Milton, or what becomes of Addison?

This character is an instance of that perversion of ability into which the most candid writers sometimes fall, when under the influence of a little spleen; and how easy it is to give a point to censure, which, though fallacious, is sure, before it is examined, to make a strong impression.

E. B. B.

### New Books.

#### *Ainsworth's Magazine.* No. VIII.

THE interest in the story of the "Miser's Daughter" does not flag in this number; there are five chapters of the third book contributed, in which preparation has been made for the *denouement* of the romance. The subjects of the two illustrations by George Cruikshank are, "The discovery of the mysterious packet," and "Randolph defending himself against Philip Frewin and his myrmidons,"—the latter is touched off to the life. The appearance of Trussell, hanging on by the posts of the door, tipsy by the blow from the black-muzzled ruffian's cudgel, is quite the thing. The other articles are numerous, varied in their character, and excellent as heretofore.

In this number also "Windsor Castle," an historical romance, by the editor, has pro-

gressed a stage; in the description of Henry the Eighth's entry into that ancient palace of the kings of England, the editor has exerted to the utmost, that graphic power, for which he is famous. The following quotations will put the reader in possession of the materials out of which the romance is to be wrought. Omitting the description of the litter, we give the portrait of Anne Boleyn as drawn by Mr. Ainsworth's pen:—

"In this litter sat Anne Boleyn. She wore a surcoat of white tissue, and a mantle of the same material lined with ermine. Her gown, which, however, was now concealed by the surcoat, was of cloth of gold tissue, raised with pearls of damask silver, with a stomacher of purple gold similarly raised, and large open sleeves lined with chequered tissue. Around her neck she wore a chain of orient pearls, from which depended a diamond cross. A black velvet cap, richly embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, and ornamented with a small white plume, covered her head; and her small feet were hidden in blue velvet brodequins, decorated with diamond stars.

"Anne Boleyn's features were exquisitely formed, and though not regular, far more charming than if they had been so. Her nose was slightly aquiline, but not enough so to detract from its beauty, and had a little *retroussé* point that completed its attraction. The rest of her features were delicately chiselled; the chin being beautifully rounded, the brows smooth and white as snow, while the rose could not vie with the bloom of her cheek. Her neck—alas! that the fell hand of the executioner should ever touch it—was long and slender, her eyes large and blue, and of irresistible witchery—sometimes scorching the beholder like a sunbeam, anon melting him with soul-subduing softness.

"Of her accomplishments other opportunities will be found to speak; but it may be mentioned that she was skilled on many instruments, danced and sung divinely, and had rare powers of conversation and wit. If to these she had not added the dangerous desire to please, and the wish to hold other hearts than the royal one she had enslaved, in thralldom, all might, perhaps, have been well. But, alas! like many other beautiful women, she had a strong tendency to coquetry. How severely she suffered for it, it is the purpose of this history to relate.

"At this moment, Anne's eyes were fixed with some tenderness upon one of the supporters of her canopy on the right,—a very handsome young man, attired in a doublet and hose of black tylsent, panned and cut, and whose tall, well-proportioned figure, was seen to the greatest advantage, inasmuch as he had divested himself of his mantle, for his better convenience in walking.

"I fear me you will fatigue yourself, Sir Thomas Wyatt," said Anne Boleyn, in tones

of musical sweetness, which made the heart beat, and the colour mount to the cheeks of him she addressed. 'You had better allow Sir Thomas Arundel or Sir John Hulstone to relieve you.'

"I can feel no fatigue when near you, madam," replied Wyatt, in a low tone.

"A slight blush overspread Anne's features, and she raised her embroidered kerchief to her lips.

"If I had that kerchief I would wear it at the next lists, and defy all comers," said Wyatt.

"You shall have it then," rejoined Anne. 'I love all chivalrous exploits, and will do my best to encourage them.'

"Take heed, Sir Thomas," said Sir Francis Weston, the knight who held the staff on the other side, 'or we shall have the canopy down. Let Sir Thomas Arundel relieve you.'

"No," rejoined Wyatt, recovering himself; 'I will not rest till we come to the bridge.'

"You are in no haste to possess the kerchief," said Anne, petulantly.

"There you wrong me, madam!" cried Sir Thomas, eagerly. 'What ho, good fellows!' he shouted to the attendants at the palfreys' heads; 'your lady desires you to stop.'

"And I desire them to go on,—I, Will Sommers, jester to the high and mighty King Harry the Eighth!" cried a voice of mock authority behind the knight; 'what if Sir Thomas Wyatt has undertaken to carry the canopy further than any of his companions, is that a reason he should be relieved? Of a surety not—go on, I say!'

"The person who thus spoke then stepped forward, and threw a glance so full of significance at Anne Boleyn that she did not care to dispute the order, but on the contrary, laughingly acquiesced in it."

Passing over the description of the personal appearance of the jester, the following is the reasons for his interference:—

"Sir Thomas Wyatt turned sharply round, and said—'Why now, thou meddling varlet, what business hast thou to interfere?'

"I interfere to prove my authority, gossip Wyatt," replied Sommers, 'and to shew that, varlet as I am, I am as powerful as Mistress Anne Boleyn; nay, that I am yet more powerful, because I am obeyed, which she is not.'

"Were I at liberty," said Sir Thomas, angrily, 'I would make thee repent thine insolence.'

"But you are not at liberty, good gossip," replied the jester, screaming with laughter; 'you are tied like a slave to the oar, and cannot free yourself from it—ha! ha!' Having enjoyed the knight's discomposure for a few seconds, he advanced towards him, and whispered in his ear,— 'Don't mistake me, gossip. I have done

thee good service in preventing thee from taking that kerchief. Hadst thou received it in the presence of these witnesses, thou wouldst have been lodged in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle to-morrow, instead of feasting with the knights-companions in Saint George's Hall.'

"I believe thou art right, gossip," said Wyatt, in the same tone.

"Rest assured I am," replied Sommers; 'and I furthermore counsel thee to decline this dangerous gift altogether, and to think no more of the fair profferer, or if thou must think of her, let it be as of one beyond thy reach. Cross not the lion's path. Take a friendly hint from the jackall.'

We cannot close our quotations without giving the description of the external appearance of him who will form so prominent a figure in the coming romance:—

"Henry was in his thirty-eighth year, and though somewhat overgrown and heavy, had lost none of his activity, and but little of the grace of his noble proportions. His size and breadth of limb were well displayed in his magnificent habiliments. His countenance was handsome and manly, with a certain broad burly look, thoroughly English in its character, which won him much admiration from his subjects; and though it might be objected that the eyes were too small, and the mouth somewhat too diminutive, it could not be denied that the general expression of the face was kingly in the extreme. A prince of a more 'royal presence' than Henry the Eighth was never seen, and though he had many and grave faults, want of dignity was not amongst the number."

This portion of the number is embellished by an etching on steel by Tony Johannot, and fine wood engravings by W. A. Delamotte.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

Ὁ θάνατος κείσται—ζων ἐστὶ μάλλον τῶν ὅτι ἔκεινται.—SIMONIDES *apud* ARISTID.

He is dead—but his memory still liveth. He hath not passed away like ordinary men.

On Saturday, the twentieth of August, just as the Morning Star began to glitter in the firmament, and the early sunbeams to come forth, died William Maginn, LL.D., in the forty-ninth year of his age; and on that day week following, his earthly remains were deposited in the quiet little churchyard of Walton-upon-Thames, the hamlet in which he breathed his last. His funeral was quite private, and was attended only by a very few friends who loved him fondly while he lived, and venerate his memory

now that he is gone; and the tears that fell upon his grave were the last sad tribute to as true, and warm, and beautiful a soul as ever animated a human breast. The place in which he is buried is one that his own choice might have selected, for the Spirit of Repose itself seems to dwell around it, and lends a new charm to its rustic beauty. No noise is ever heard there but the rustling of the trees, or the gay chirp of the summer blackbirds, or the echo of the solemn hymns as they ascend to heaven in music on the Sabbath. Strangely contrasted indeed is its peacefulness with the troublous scenes of his many-coloured life, and provocative of pensive reflection the gentle silence that invests it like a spell. The rude villager, as he passes over his grave, little dreams of the splendid intellect that slumbers beneath, or the host of sweet and noble traits that lived within the heart already mouldering under his feet into a clod of the valley. But his genius has already sanctified the ground, lending to it the magic which entwines itself with the homes or tombs of celebrated men—rendering it henceforward a classic and muse-haunted solitude, to which history will point—and it will be during all time a spot to which the scholar will piously resort, and where the young enthusiast of books will linger long and idolatrously in the soft sunlight or beneath the radiant stars.

The character of Maginn, while he lived, was but little understood; and now that he is dead, we hope it will not be misrepresented. Yet rarely has a man of such exalted genius passed from among us without winning that universal celebrity which he so eminently deserved. This disadvantage was chiefly owing to his having confided the labours of his mind to periodical literature alone; but in that department who so brightly shone as he? Who so universal in his knowledge—so profound in his wisdom—so eloquent in advocating the Constitution and the Protestantism of these realms—so terse and brilliant in epigram—so appropriate in anecdote—so simple and luminous in style—so playful and original in wit? Pronounced by a high and amiable authority,\* “abler than Coleridge,” he lived without attaining the fame of that extraordinary man; declared by another deep and intellectual observer† of his character to be “quite equal to Swift,” he never achieved the authority in literature or the renown that mantled round the head of St. Patrick’s Dean. But great indeed and illustrious must have been the genius which could thus secure the eulogy of two men whose opinions must carry with them respect and consideration, and whose abilities

and virtues vouch for the sincerity of their sentiments. A brief summary of the leading points of his intellect will enable us to judge whether these praises were inconsiderately conferred, or were the gift of close and accurate observation; and whether to him also may not be applied the saying of Plato on Aristophanes, “that the Graces had built themselves a temple in his bosom,” or the still loftier encomium pronounced by Selden on the learned Heinsius, “*Tam severorum quam amœnorum literarum Sol*”—a master of all literature—of the beautiful and sublime, of the graceful and the profound.

The first and chief attribute of his mind was its originality. The works of no distinguished man, within our reading at least, display the same vein of thought and style. There is scarcely a subject on which he has written that he has not treated in a new manner, illuminating the grave by the liveliness of his fancy, colouring the witty by the solidity of his judgment; for he possessed both in an extraordinary degree, and his mind resembled a mine of gold, curiously pranked on the surface with flowers, but truly valuable within. Nor was his genius acquired by long and patient study; on the contrary, it beamed very beautifully in his earliest years, and was the fair Aurora of his future brilliancy. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in his tenth year, and was a doctor of laws in his twenty-third—a precocity rivalled but by that of Wolsey, who was a bachelor when only fourteen. And though his reading was immense, no man was less of a copyist of other men’s thoughts, a stealer of other men’s fire, than William Maginn.

His memory was the strongest in the world, and was a rich storehouse of all learning, so that he might with propriety have been called, like the sublime Longinus, “the living library.” Often, when in want of some scholastic illustrations for our own writings, have we applied to him, and never did we ask in vain. Quotations the most apposite; episodes the most befitting; obscure points of literary history, an elucidation of which we had ineffectually hunted for; sketches of minor literary men of other lands, the difficulty of finding which those conversant with such studies alone can appreciate; stray lines and sentences from authors read only once in a century, and quoted but as curiosities; parallel passages in the Greek and Latin and Italian and German authors: all these he could refer to without a moment’s deliberation, as easily as if they had formed the business of his whole life. And yet, like Scott, no eye ever saw him reading. He seemed a perfectly idle man, and knowledge to come to him by intuition.

His erudition was without pedantry—his mind had no dogmatism. The *Αυτος ερα* of the Greek sage did not enter into any of

\* Dr. Moir, the far-famed “Delta” of Blackwood.

† Dr. Macnisch, the Modern Pythagorean.

his opinions, which were never put forth in conversation but with the most singular modesty. He would talk to you like a little child on the most learned subjects; and whenever he advanced a sentiment, he would turn to his hearer with an appealing look, as if he distrusted his own judgment, and would not willingly mislead another's. We have seen him listen attentively to the speculations of a boy; gently correcting him when he was wrong, and when he was right entering with alacrity into the spirit of his views, but always more anxious to hear another speak than himself. We do not think he ever uttered a sophism in his life, but was an eager inquirer after truth; and his investigations were like those of another illustrious student—*ἀει φιλοῦντα θεμιότατος*—who ever loved justice.\* His sense of honour was heroic; and he adhered, like Sheridan, inflexibly to his principles, though they did not meet those rewards on which he might have well calculated. The devotion with which he loved his family is well known, and the memory of it is painted on their hearts. He would instruct his daughters for hours in the beautiful Italian, of which he was a complete master, and the sight of them always brought brightness to his eyes. On his death-bed, the desolate condition in which he knew that he was leaving them was the great sorrow of his soul; but he committed them to the noble generosity of this mighty country, whose charities are more sublime trophies of its greatness than its grandest conquests by sea or on the land.

His poetry was of the highest order of humour—far superior to Swift, and entirely exempt from his grossness and obscenity. Not a single line did he ever write which, dying, he might have wished to blot; not a single impure thought can be discerned in the whole range of his compositions, poetical or in prose. The wildness of his wit was well known; but his muse was always decent, and never arrayed herself in the immodest peplos in which some of our modern authors have shewn her.

His theological knowledge was extensive. He had deeply studied the ecclesiastical writers, and spoke of Hooker and Barrow with rapture. Never lived a man impressed with a more humble sense of his own failings, or with a finer veneration of our Great Creator. He entertained for mankind an enlarged and bewitching love, and conscious of human frailty, never spoke severely of their errors, but always in charity. He did not hold himself aloof from his kind with the sullen dignity of other writers, but mingled with them with the careless, familiar ease of Fielding, or Fox, or Goldsmith; and would share in the noisy sports of younger spirits as if he were a boy him-

self, and not the rival of Swift in all true greatness, and infinitely beyond him in every private trait deserving of our love. His works, when they are collected, will form an imperishable monument of his mind; but his genius, though splendid, was the least of his qualifications: and the writer of this notice can declare that he valued more the kind and gentle heart of his deceased friend than all the glories of his intellect, or the dazzling brightness of his fancy.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

### A DARING PILOT.

THE difficulty of piloting a vessel into the Danube is, I believe, considerable, sandbanks being very numerous at the mouth, and the current of the river itself being, particularly at some seasons, of considerable rapidity.

An anecdote is told of a Genoese, who now holds the rank of a commander in the Ionian packet service, that when young, daring, and desperate, he undertook to pilot a Turkish vessel into this river, although he had never before entered it.

The circumstances were as follows, and whilst admiring the man who could undertake so perilous an adventure, we should not omit to profit by the lesson which it teaches us, that, however desperate our condition, and however apparently hopeless our prospects in life may be, we ought not to relax our exertions, nor allow any temporary ill success of our projects to excite a feeling of despair or dissatisfaction, because our misfortunes may, by stimulating us to vigorous exertion, probably turn out eventually to be the road to the attainment of the objects of interest or ambition thus apparently placed, for a time, out of our reach. This man's rise in the world dates from this adventurous exploit, and was rapid to an extreme from that time until he reached his present position, which, to his happy turn of mind, is the highest pinnacle of human happiness.

G— was bred a sailor, and, after a few years' service in a trading vessel, found himself at Constantinople, in the unfortunate predicament of being an outcast, without friends, without employment, and without any prospect of getting a berth in any vessel; he was, in short, thrown entirely on his own resources, was living from hand to mouth, and knew not, when he rose in the morning, whether he would have wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger that day or no, and that he might not, before many days were over, die of hunger.

In this miserable state, he was wandering about, not knowing what to do, or, indeed, caring what became of him, when he chanced by accident to hear that a particular vessel, then about to sail, was in want of a pilot to

\* Parthenius de Amat. Affect., cap. ii.

enter the Danube. "That would just do for me," thought G—, "if I only knew anything at all about the mouths of the Danube; but I know nothing about them, and was never there in my life. What can I possibly do?" It however occurred to him, that if the captain of the vessel could pilot his own ship he would not require a pilot; consequently, if G— could only muster up sufficient assurance, fortune might befriend him; and even if he did not succeed, he could not be worse off than dying of hunger at Constantinople.

To offer his services and to be instantly accepted was a matter of no great difficulty. Pilots must be had; all other pilots were away, and no inquiries were made into our hero's qualifications for the office he so boldly undertook. G— went on board, and, to his dismay, found that the captain of the vessel was a Turk, a half-ruffian sort of fellow, who was always either fast asleep or mad from the effects of opium, to the use of which the inflammation in his eyes at once indicated he was addicted. A pleasant prospect for the young pilot! If by any mishap the vessel should run aground, (and what event more probable in G—'s ignorance of the responsible duty he had so lightly and heedlessly undertaken!) he was quite sure the first act of the enraged Moslem would be to shoot him through the head. Willingly would he have abandoned all his prospects in life to be able to recede from his engagement, and to find himself safe out of the clutches of the blustering captain. Deeply and sincerely did he curse his absurd folly in jeopardizing his neck in so wild an attempt to better his apparently desperate condition; but, having engaged himself, he had no time to consider. The vessel was under weigh, and running out of the Bosphorus with a leading wind, before he had time to repent and demand a release from his bargain. G— was fairly in a scrape, and get out of it he could not. He felt certain that he should be shot through the head, yet determined to do his best, and trust in Providence.

The ship proceeded on her voyage, and G—'s period of suspense was not long, owing to a fine breeze which carried them at once towards the spot where his skill was to be put to the test, and where he himself would probably fall a victim to his temerity. It would be useless for him to go upon his knees before the Turk, confess his fault and the deception he had practised. This would be *certain* death; so he was obliged to put a good face upon the matter. Arriving off the mouths of the river, it was difficult for him to conceal the trepidation occasioned in his mind at the appearance of a widely-extended, flat country, subdivided by an infinite number of small branches, and a shallow sea, studded with innumerable

sand-banks, through which it was difficult even for an experienced pilot to distinguish the right course to the river, even if he should be able, by good fortune, to attempt to make his entrance at the proper mouth—the Sulina. The Turk then opened his eyes, became very furious, vowed vengeance upon G—'s head for having undertaken what, as appeared from his nervousness, he would be unable to perform, and it was with difficulty that G— could persuade him to allow the vessel to be navigated by his orders. The Turk, however, being well aware that he himself knew nothing at all about the matter, saw at last it would be better to trust to his pilot, who might know *something*, however little that might be, and accordingly, with a great deal of blustering and swaggering, he told G— to take the ship in, but swore by Mahomet, that the instant she touched the ground he would shoot the unfortunate pilot through the head with a pistol which he drew from his belt, and held in his hand.

It often happens that in proportion as an affair assumes a more desperate aspect, energies, until that moment latent and unknown, arise almost spontaneously to meet the occasion. Hence we see that an utter extinction of all hope or probability of escape from an impending danger is the signal for such coolness, calmness, and decision on the part of those threatened by it, that, in a manner perfectly incomprehensible, they escape by means of some vigorous exertion, some desperate, yet calm and decisive act, of which in cooler moments they would not have thought themselves capable.

This was the case with G— in the story I am relating. Whilst the danger was in prospect, he did nothing but reproach himself for his folly, and wish himself anywhere but on board the Turk's vessel; but when he saw the Turk stand over him with a loaded pistol, and it was clear to his mind that his existence must depend upon his own exertions, he became cool and collected in proportion as the Turk grew more violent and excited.

Not heeding, therefore, the Moslem's threats, G— set himself to observe narrowly the courses steered by some vessels which were coming down the river, very wisely concluding, that where other ships could *get out* his could *get in*; and when he had thoroughly reconnoitred, he stood boldly on. It was a nervous time, and G—'s life was on the hazard of a die; but his good fortune favoured him. The Turk became more outrageous, G— more cool. The Turk held the pistol in a menacing manner. G— said "*baccalum*,"\* the only word of Turkish he was master of, with a significant look that all would be

\* We shall see.

right, and great was the delight of the Turk when he found he was as good as his word. The Turk now flew into the opposite extreme. In an instant he could not sufficiently express his thanks and obligations to one whom he now thought a clever and experienced pilot, and overloaded with praise and presents the man whom a few seconds before he was nearly shooting through the head.

G——'s fortune was made. On his return to Constantinople, he found his reputation as a pilot firmly established; the Turk did nothing but praise his skill and recommend him to other captains of merchant vessels, and, almost in spite of himself, G—— became well known, and was never in want of employment.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood," &c.

This was G——'s flood-tide, and had he given way to despair when nearly starving at Constantinople, and had his courage failed him when threatened by the Turk, he would not at this moment hold the situation he now does, nor be able to amuse the passengers on board his steam-vessel, by relating, in his own original manner, this heedless and desperate act of his youth.—*Capt. Best's Excursions in Albania.*

#### A PAPER ABOUT WILKIE.

(Abridged from *Fraser's Magazine*.)

It would be difficult to say how a love for art grew upon him,—how that inborn genius which was his was accidentally directed to its particular pursuit,—how the fire was first kindled and called forth, and why it was he became a great painter, not a great poet, or a great lawyer, or a great statesman, or an ornament to any other great calling for which natural powers and application are required. Wilkie had shone in any pursuit (we say it advisedly, for we knew him well). That he had a high genius, no sane individual will deny; that he had an untiring assiduity of application is evident to all who know anything of his life and works; and that he was ambitious—a sort of peaceful Napoleon in his way—we can of our own knowledge most positively declare. What three noble qualities are here,—high genius, immense application, and definite ambition. Add to all these an undeviating rectitude of life, and then let us ask in what pursuit Wilkie had not been eminent?

Some will say, perhaps, that his genius was particularly and peculiarly imitative,—that what he saw he drew,—and that the eye, and not the mind, is most strikingly prominent in his works. To these we answer, No! Wilkie's eye, certainly, is everywhere observable; nothing in man's cha-

racter escaped that *Hogarthian* eye. He saw beyond the surfaces of things, and what he saw he realized to the very life. The passing thought,—the chance expression,—the peculiar character, were caught by him as few have ever caught and realized them before or since. But it is not every-day life that he drew, and every-day life alone; he was no mere Morland or Balthazar Denner. There is in Wilkie an important something beyond the eye—something where the mind has been employed in its highest and purest vocation. Wilkie has a story; nay, more, he reads a lesson—a sermon upon canvas. Look at his "Distraining for Rent," in Mr. Wells's collection; or, if you like, in Raimbach's admirable engraving. See there with what painful and painstaking truth the final miseries of long-resisted poverty are set forth. Was ever anything on canvas or on animated wall more touching?

"It thrills the heart-strings to the core  
A' to the life."

He would be a stony-hearted landlord indeed, a Judge-Jeffreys sort of gentleman, who could look on that picture for five minutes, and not feel a generous forbearance in behalf of the hard-working poor of the land; his own honest, fortune-struck tenant accidentally behindhand in the payment of his rent by bad seasons, ill health, or losses accidental and unforeseen. Crabbe was never more graphic, or Hogarth half so touching.

How a love for art grew upon him he was, we know, at a loss himself to guess or account for. His father, a Presbyterian minister, looked, as did all of his cloth, upon the art of painting as an idle calling, turned to a bad and idolatrous end, in manufacturing representations of heathen mythology, of saints and virgins, and all the often-painted subjects that fill and heathenize the churches of Rome. In the small county in which he was born (called, by the pride and affection of its people, the Kingdom of Fife) art was a perfect stranger. There were not two decent pictures in the whole county; a stray portrait or so "from *Lunnan*" of Lord and Lady Leven was to be seen in the *gret house*, as Melville House was called; but no Ostade, or Teniers, or Gerard Dow: not a bad copy, or even a worn-out print from their pictures, was at that time to be found in the whole of Fife, from Falkland to St. Andrew's, from Cupar to Kirkaldy.

It was in this unlikely region for producing a great artist that everybody's David Wilkie was born. One of his name and kindred had been a bad poet, and one of the name was now to become a great painter. Wilkie was always unwilling to take credit to himself for anything like genius. He would allow genius to others, but invariably

expressed himself unconscious of its existence in his own mind. All that he was wont to take credit for was perseverance:—

“Whether by doing or forbearing  
We may do miracles by persevering!”

a kind of dogged determination to succeed in the path he had chosen to realize fame; and if not fortune, at least an honest independence.

Wilkie, with all his love for study, was always fond of a frolic, or what he was wont to call *high-jinks*. He was fond of dancing, whether at civic balls or quiet Kensington parties. His mind was naturally playful. He had no sombre-seriousness of character. When young, Haydon, and Jackson, and other less hard-working acquaintances, were with him three days out of the seven; and Wilkie had always to repress their idle propensities. A common observation of his throughout life was, “*Just let's be doing*,” and it was to this stern resolve of always doing something well that Wilkie attributed his success in life over Burnet and Allan, and others that started with him from Graham's Edinburgh academy.

Wilkie never made an enemy; it would, perhaps, be saying too much to assert that he never deserved one. He was the most cautious of all human beings,—the most unwilling to wound the sensitive nature of another, and one of the most reserved of creation. He had made a capital chief clerk in the secret service department. He never kicked against the usages of society, but observed them with the most minute scrupulosity. The Council of the Royal Academy was his congress at Vienna. He carried out the rules of his body with faithful exactness. If he wrote to Sir Thomas Lawrence, he appended the important P.R.A.; while Phillips, as an Academician, was dubbed an esquire; and Allan, as an associate, only plain Mr. William Allan. Of his reserve, we recollect a story at this moment highly characteristic of the man. One day when asking a frank from his kind friend, the late Lord Holland, his lordship waited for some time with the pen in his hand for Wilkie to give the name and address he wished to have inscribed upon the cover. “Whom to, Mr. Wilkie?” said his lordship, smilingly. “Oh,” said Wilkie, with his usual reserve, “my lord, it's just, my lord—it's just to a lady!” Lord Holland laughed, Wilkie still hesitated; but recollecting himself, became, in another moment, properly communicative upon so small a matter.

The scheme that England's great painter died in endeavouring to carry out was a great, and, as we think, an original view of art; an attempt, however, that could in no way have realized what the ambitious Wilkie

had conceived it possible of attaining. It was this. As scriptural subjects are the highest and noblest of all subjects for a painter's pencil, and the grandest pictures in the world are representations of events taken from the Holy Bible, why should not a series of pictures succeed in embodying the great events recorded in the New Testament, and adopting as a novel feature the costume of the country the scene is laid in, and the very scenery of the spot wherein the event actually occurred?

There cannot be a doubt but that, in Wilkie's hands, this plan had succeeded for a time. A large portion of the religious world who care little for art as an art, had been one to praise and purchase works giving the exact locality and costume of the subject treated. The hills and streams in their mute, unchanging glory, were much the same as in the days of Jesus Christ, and the costume had varied but very little. Here were at once two prime features of attraction; and Wilkie meant to people scenes which Roberts had mapped down more after the manner of Arrowsmith or Rennell than Claude or Poussin. The sketches commenced were not carried out far enough for one positively to say to what pitch Wilkie, when at home and on his own easel, might have elaborated them out. The materials of good pictures were in several of these attempts, the composition often good, the colour well arranged, the costume curious; yet there appeared wanting a certain divine air,—

“Something too high for syllables to say,”

common to all scriptural stories, painted in the palmy days of Italian art:—

“To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.”

A certain rapt divinity was not there; a serious want, indeed, but common, we must add, to the whole English school of painting.

When he had fixed upon a subject for painting, his custom was to reflect upon all pictures of that class already in existence, and to choose as his groundwork or model the one in highest repute with the public. The general look of the whole he knew was a characteristic feature, and by adopting some known arrangement as a foundation to build upon, he secured a situation which had received the approbation of ages. Sometimes he took the distribution of the principal figures, sometimes the situation and shapes of the principal lights, sometimes the arrangement of colour and the proportion of hot and cold hues. He let nothing escape him. He then made a succession of sketches so as to place the persons of his drama in the most natural and expressive action. Then a model of the whole in clay was made so as to get the

true light and shade and the most natural grouping. From such studies and materials he then commenced his picture, not only painting every figure from the life, but making every button and book sit for its portrait. He never trusted to memory, but painted always with the object he wished to represent before him. Many little excellences were thus gained which lend a truth and value to his pictures. His Columbus was an adaptation from a Titian in the Louvre; the position in his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, a copy from Reynolds' head of Oliver Goldsmith.

It may be as well to say a word or two upon the effect of Wilkie's works as a whole upon the walls of the British Institution. It is said they disappoint—that there is a want of unity in the whole. We admit it in some measure, but let us ask, did at any time the exhibition of old masters at the British Institution afford a pleasing effect taken altogether? The merit of Wilkie's works is not in glare—in outside show—but in solid and enduring character, story, and expression. People had been taught to expect too much from the pictures; the many admirable engravings after Wilkie led to this erroneous expectation, for no artist has ever had such justice done him by engravers as Wilkie; his early works did not depend upon colour, but upon character; his was no Venetian school of colour and parade, of marriage-feasts and processions. Then again, the majority of visitors ran too rapidly through the series, as if they were in the exhibition-room of the Royal Academy, instead of looking leisurely and inquiringly into the merits of each,—time well repaid, and what Wilkie's genius demands and merits. If colour alone were wanted, it is in the truly grand picture of Columbus, with the full force of Rembrandt and of Reynolds. However, at present we shall be content with saying that such an assemblage of Wilkie's works will perhaps never come together again; and it will belong, very long, before Great Britain can boast of an artist to reach his many excellences or participate in a fame at present so peculiarly and deservedly his. He was a great painter in every sense of the word.

#### THE RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE.

HOWEVER defective the administration of the law, customs, and public police, that of the *secret* is far from being so; it is one of the most powerful engines of Russian despotism, and immense sums are expended upon the maintenance of its emissaries in foreign countries. There is scarcely an embassy that has not one of these gentlemen attached to it; for, strange as it may appear, they sometimes, nay, not unfrequently, pre-

sent themselves in that character; more humble individuals, however, are to be found in this capacity. During the war between Russia and Persia, Sir J. Macdonald's butler acted as one, and gave all the information that he could to a person at Teheran, by whom it was regularly forwarded to Paskewitch, through Rosen, who commanded a division. No one who has read the correspondence between Sir J. McNeil and the English government can doubt that a number of these spies were employed by Count Simonich and the Russian government throughout Central Asia, they are so at the present moment. One of them, a Baron Dieskau, alluded to by Capt. Wilbraham, was received into the military service of Russia for his doings in Afghanistan; and Capt. W. adds, "that any one who has been in India, whatever may have been the cause of his quitting the country, is received with open arms." The employes of this fearful inquisition are scattered amongst all classes of the community. They are to be found in the imperial residence, and the drawing-rooms of the nobility; in the general's tent, and on the quarter-deck; in the barrack-room and below decks; behind the counter, in the cabin of the *mujik*, and amongst servants of all degrees: the fair sex in the very highest circles are sometimes the paid agents of this most loathsome and disgusting organ of the government.

A person speaking to me of its efficiency, related the following circumstance, which happened to a Swedish ambassador at St. Petersburg a few years ago. This gentleman, meeting the Benkendorf of his day in the street, asked him, in a casual way, whether he had heard anything of a Swede lately arrived in the capital, whom he was anxious to see on business. "I do not know his name," said the ambassador, "but he is of such an age, height, and appearance." The *chef de police* knew him not, but promised to make inquiries. About three weeks after this they met again. "Ah, bon jour," said the *mouchard*, "I have got your man; we have had him in prison a fortnight."—"My man!" said the astonished diplomat, "What man?"—"Why the one you inquired for about three weeks ago; did you not want him arrested?"

Individual liberty may be said to depend on the caprices of the police; it is by no means necessary for them to assign a reason for any arrest that is made; any one, guilty or not, or merely suspected, can be, and often is, taken up and imprisoned, punished or banished, without ever knowing why, unless his memory can rake up some thoughtless expression against the government, which might be magnified or exaggerated into a political crime; but very

possibly he may not succeed in recollecting even that.

During my stay at Odessa, two French booksellers, the only good ones in the place, were visited one evening by the hirelings of this department, and in a winter's night, with the thermometer eighteen degrees below zero of Reaumur, were ordered into a sledge which was ready for them at the door, and, in perfect ignorance of their crime, were posted off, night and day, to Kief, a distance of six hundred versts. On reaching their destination, the governor, notorious for his dastardly conduct to the Poles, ordered them into the fortress, where they were confined in a damp casemate near the ditch. During the whole of this time they were kept in a wretched state of filth, had nothing but straw to lie upon; and the little money that they had with them when they left Odessa having been taken away on their arrival, they had only the prison fare, black bread and water, to live upon. All communication was cut off, even from their families. Having been in the habit of dealing with one of them, a quiet, inoffensive man, I went several times to his nephew, who carried on the business, to see whether he had heard from him, but no tidings had been received. The first intelligence he had of his uncle was from the Austrian territory, for after an imprisonment of five months, the affair ended by their being galloped over the frontier by some Cossacks, and turned loose like wild beasts, with rather an unnecessary recommendation never to recross it. Their supposed crime was having sold some Polish national songs.

If necessary, numerous instances of the same nature might be related, but it is superfluous; the fact of the existence of this frightful power is well known. Such arrests and mysterious disappearances are scarcely ever alluded to; advertisements expressed upon them, overheard by one of these *mouchards*, (and he might be your own servant, who happened to be handing you an ice at the time,) would, if the authorities chose to take up his information, subject the speaker to the same treatment as Messrs. Sauron and Miéville suffered. Then would come all the horrors of utter helplessness,—the total impossibility of self-defence. The accused has *no rights*. If a man's friends are wealthy, and have the courage, they may perhaps succeed in being of some use to him; bribes may at least propitiate the officials, and hasten his mock trial, or avert a condemnation without one. But it too often happens that one or the other, or both, are wanting, and the victim of despotism is left to his fate. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this horrible system has a most demoralizing effect, and forms an incubus which destroys all social feeling: every man

suspects his neighbour; and under such a curse, friendship is rare, intimacy is dangerous, and a common acquaintance is all that Russians generally are to each other.—*Captain Jesse.*

#### DISCOVERY OF A NEW RIVER IN AUSTRALIA.

A DISCOVERY has been made lately in the northern part of Australia of a new river; and in a country where there is such a paucity of these sources of fertility and means of internal communication, the discovery becomes one of no small importance. The discovery of this river, named, in honour of our prince, the "Albert," was made by her Majesty's surveying ship, the "Beagle," and the account given of it is in a letter from one of the officers aboard, and which appears in the "Swan River Inquirer." The inhabitants were stated to be neither numerous nor troublesome. The temperature varied from 52 to 82, and as this was in the mid-winter month of July, 40 feet above the level of the sea, it is easy to see that the summer heat would be oppressive to European constitutions. Nothing else, however, could be expected in the parallel of 10 degrees. The whole distance across that immense island or continent from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, is 908 miles, of which 300 miles have been explored northward from Adelaide by Mr. Eyre. The "Albert" admits of tracing nearly 100 miles in a direction to the south, so that there remains still about 500 to explore.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

#### A WIFE OR A PRISON.

C—, who was a captain, on half-pay, of the British service, lodged several years ago in the Exchange Coffee House, which was then kept by an old couple, whose age prevented their attending properly to their business, obliging them to confide in the management of a bar-maid, upon whom they placed much dependence, and to whom they paid a liberal salary.

As C—'s circumstances were not very affluent, as is generally the case with *half-pays*, and he was, besides, of an extravagant turn of mind, necessity often compelled him to borrow money, at different times, from the bar-maid, who was a prudent woman, and had laid by the savings of a few years. He lived in the house for several months together, during which time he paid great attention to her, making love to her every opportunity, and always promising marriage, of which, by the bye, he had not the slightest notion.

As he was continually making one ex-

cuse or another for delaying the nuptials, and he was now upwards of 200l. in her debt, for cash lent to him, she determined on having either the man or the money; and on going into his room one morning as he lay in bed, demanded that he should either pay her what she had lent him, or immediately fulfil his oft-repeated promise of marriage. C—, as usual, made some excuse; but it would not do; she was resolved, she said, to be no longer trifled with, as she had been, for months back, but to have justice immediately done. She then produced a marriage licence, which she had previously procured, and informed C— that the clergyman was then waiting at the church to marry them; and that, unless he complied, and honourably redeemed the pledges he had so often made, she would have him arrested and sent to prison, from which it was then no easy matter to get out, by two bailiffs, whom she had then on the stairs, outside the room, waiting to see if their services would be required. At this moment, C— heard the men on the stairs cough; and knowing, from their being in the house, that her resolution was taken, he began to think seriously of his situation, and, after a few minutes' consideration, reluctantly yielded to her demand, requesting, at the same time, that the ceremony might be deferred until evening. To this, however, she would not agree; nor would she quit the room, until accompanied by him. It was, certainly, a curious scene to behold the captain, with the fair and fat bar-maid leaning upon his arm, marching down the Strand, at slow time, towards St. Martin's Church, now and then casting a mournful look behind him, and as often encountering the keen and watchful glances of John Doe and Richard Roe, who failed not to bring up the rear, and that too in close order. As soon as the ceremony had concluded, the same gentlemen, politely taking off their hats, made each of them a low bow, and wishing the newly married couple every happiness, immediately retired. C— and his bride returned to the coffee-house, where they were received with great kindness by the master and mistress, who, notwithstanding the short notice, had a comfortable wedding-breakfast prepared for them.

They had a high esteem for Mrs. C—, who had lived with them many years, and served them faithfully; and being an old couple, and having no family, they, after a little time, disposed of their house, furniture, stock on hand, &c., to Mrs. C—, for a very trifling—a mere nominal consideration, and retired into the country, having acquired sufficient means to maintain them in comfort the rest of their days. Mrs. C— made a most excellent wife. I spent many evenings with them when in London on a

former occasion, and I never met with a happier couple.—*The Veteran, by Captain John Harley.*

### NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT AT SELF-DESTRUCTION.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe had well-nigh terminated at this period\* the life and sufferings of Napoleon. His departure (from Fontainebleau) for Elba had been fixed for the 20th of April; and, in the interim, while he was totally deserted by all but a few domestics and his faithful guards, it became evident to those around him that some absorbing idea had taken possession of his mind. He recurred constantly to the last moment of departed greatness; his conversation to his intimate friends was entirely upon the illustrious men of antiquity who, in circumstances similar to his own, had fallen by their own hand. In the close of his career, as at its outset, he dwelt on the heroes of Plutarch, and their resolution not to survive misfortune. The apprehensions of his attendants were increased when they learned that on the 12th, the day after the signature of the treaty, he had directed the Empress Maria Louisa, who was on her way from Blois to join him, to delay the execution of her design. On taking leave of Caulaincourt that night, after a mournful reverie, he said, "My resolution is taken;—we must end:—I feel it." Caulaincourt had not been many hours in bed when he was suddenly roused by Constant, the Emperor's valet, who entreated him to come instantly, for Napoleon was in convulsions, and fast dying! He instantly ran in; and Bertrand and Murat were already there; but nothing was to be heard but stifled groans from the bed of Napoleon. Soon, however, his domestic surgeon, Ivan, who had so long attended him in his campaigns, appeared in the utmost consternation, and stated that he had been seen, shortly before going to bed, to rise quietly, pour a liquid into a glass, and lie down again; and Ivan had recognised in the phial, which was left on the table, a subtle poison—a preparation of opium and other deadly substances,—which he had given him during the Moscow retreat, at his desire, and which, as long as the danger lasted, he had constantly worn round his neck! When Caulaincourt seized his hand, it was already cold! 'Caulaincourt,' said he, opening his eyes, 'I am about to die! I recommend to you my wife and son—defend my memory. I could no longer endure life. The desertion of my old companions in arms had broken my heart.' The poison, however, either from having been so long kept, or some other cause, had lost its original effi-

\* The short interval which elapsed between the abdication of Napoleon and his departure to Elba.

easy; violent vomiting gave him relief, he was with great difficulty prevailed on to drink warm water, and after a mortal agony of two hours, the spasms gradually subsided, and he fell asleep. 'Ivan,' said he, on awaking, 'the dose was not strong enough—God did not will it;' and he rose pale and haggard, but composed, and seemed now to resign himself with equanimity to his future fate.—*Alison's Europe during the French Revolution.*

### A MENOMENEE BELLE.

THIS evening, accompanied by an intelligent young fellow, who had married the daughter of a Chippewa chief, I visited the lodge and wigwams of several chiefs and Indians. I was surprised to find the interior of some of those temporary abodes warm and comfortable, abundance of mats on the floor, and the chinks and holes in the back, roof, and sides, carefully stopped with moss and long grass; bear and racoon, and even black fox skins, robes, and blankets, formed beds and divans not to be sneezed at. The squaws received us with mild civility, pointing to the best mats and skins in the lodge, upon which they invited us to be seated. One of these lodges we visited belonged to a rich Menominee belle; her father had been a chief, who died without male issue, and the tribe allotted her some land on the Winnebago lake, where she lived in single blessedness, in a neat and permanently-built lodge, cultivated a large garden, fished in the lake, and was quite an independent character; she had many admirers and many suitors; even white traders had been rejected by her. I found this paragon of perfection seated beside the red embers of a fire in the middle of a lodge, with three or four old squaws, her relations, and a young girl, who resided with her.

I was very much disappointed when I found this dusky beauty a dumpy squaw, with a little *goitre* under her chin—to be sure, she was richly dressed, in blue cloth, bedizened with beads and ribands; but her face was mild, and her fine dark eye spoke volumes: this was the reason she maintained her fame as the Menominee belle—everything depended upon her eye, glancing with shrewd and deep intelligence. In the twinkling of a bedpost, one could perceive she was laughing in her sleeve at her red brethren. Soon after we entered, my friend's vocabulary of Menominee and Chippewa words being expended, the belle (her age was somewhere the shady side of thirty) became alarmed, and sent for one of her male friends, a half-breed, to inquire the object of our visit. Understanding our intentions were honourable, her mind was set at rest. Here my companion urged me

to take a likeness of the Indian beauty; she was all compliance, lighted a yellow beeswax candle, squatted herself down at the farther end of the lodge, and, almost choked with laughter, I was obliged to kneel and sprawl before her sable majesty, with all the squaws and children in the lodge crowding upon my shoulders, while, by the pale and flickering light of the little candle, I sketched the outline of the sable beauty's head, neck, and shoulders, on a leaf of my note-book. My companion found fault with the sketch, and said it should be shaded. Doctors differ; but I was forced to shade the hair and some of her dress, whereupon the lady insisted upon seeing her picture, and was very much horrified to find it was not painted red, white, and black, on which colours she placed her fingers on her dress; and the interpreter conveyed her wishes that I should colour her portrait. It was easy enough to perceive divers colours on her dress, but her countenance was a uniform dusky hue, unconscious of a blush; and, indeed, if I had had my colour-box beside me, I should have spared the carmine and light red. Wishing to get out of the scrape as easily as possible, I told her it was too dark, and, besides, I never could paint such transcendent beauties as hers save in the sun-light. Whether the compliment was literally translated to her or not I cannot say, but the Menominee belle favoured me with a most 'witching smile, and extended her hand to me, whereupon I took the liberty to slide a ring upon one of her fingers, received a most cordial shake in return, and retreated. Before I left the cabin, my companion had observed a tall, grim-looking, half-breed, peeping in at the door: at last he entered, and demanded what we did there. Seeing my occupation, he said he was a painter himself, and that the lady might have been painted by him if she liked—in short, he was a rival, an aspirant to the hand of this model of beauty.

"You had better take care of that fellow," said my companion, as we left the lodge, "a jealous half-breed is the devil to deal with."

Fortunately, I was not so deeply smitten with my dusky belle as to accept her invitation to return to her lodge next day and as often as I liked, and had no idea of gratifying my vanity at the risk of my life.

—*Life in the West.*

If you have a family, it is no more allowable that you squander away your substance, than for a steward to embezzle the estate of which he is manager. You are appointed steward to your children; and if you neglect to provide for them, be it at your peril.

### The Gatherer.

*A Russian Priest's Failing.*—The anecdote related to Mr. Venables by a Russian gentleman will give a good idea of the state of degradation to which they reduce themselves, and the manner in which their "failings," as Mr. Subouroff calls them, are looked upon. "Passing one day," says that gentleman, "near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of a village, I asked them what was going forward. 'We are only putting the father' (as they call the priest) 'into a cellar.' 'In a cellar!' I replied—'what are you doing that for?' 'Oh,' said they, he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week: so we always take care every Saturday to put him in a safe place, that he may be able to officiate at the church next day, and on Monday he is at liberty to begin drinking again.' I could not help applauding," says Mr. Subouroff, "this sensible arrangement, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world." Such conduct in the eyes of a Russian gentleman is only a *failing!*—*Notes of a Half-Pay.*

"*I have got one thought.*"—Handel, whose divine compositions seem to have proceeded from a heart glowing with the fire of a seraph, was, notwithstanding, what some would call rather a gross mortal, since he placed no small happiness in good eating and drinking. Having received a present of a dozen of superior champagne, he thought the quantity too small to present to his friends, and therefore reserved the precious nectar for private use. Some time after, when a party was dining with him, he longed for a glass of his choice champagne, but could not easily think of a device for leaving the company. On a sudden he assumed a musing attitude, and, striking his forehead with his forefinger, exclaimed, "I have got one thought, I have got one thought!" (meaning thought.) The company, imagining that he had gone to commit to paper some divine idea, saw him depart with silent admiration. He returned to his friends, and very soon had a second, third, and fourth "thought." A wag, suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's visits, followed Handel to an adjoining room, saw him enter a closet, embrace his beloved champagne, and swallow repeated doses. The discovery communicated infinite mirth to the company, and Handel's "thought" became proverbial.

*Origin of the Surname Napier.*—One of the ancient Earls of Lennox in Scotland had issue three sons: the eldest succeeded him in the earldom; the second, whose name was Donald; and the third, named Sillierist. The then King of Scots, having

wars, did convocate his lieges to the battle. Amongst them that were commanded was the Earl of Lennox, who keeping his eldest son at home, sent his second son to serve for him with the forces under his command. The battle went hard with the Scots, for the enemy pressing furiously upon them, forced them to lose ground, until at last they fell to *flat running away*, which being perceived by Donald, he pulled his father's standard from the bearer thereof, and valiantly encountering the foe (being well followed by the Earl of Lennox's men), he repulsed the enemy, and changed the fortune of the day, whereby a great victory was got. After the battle, as the manner is, every one advancing and setting forth his own acts, the king said unto them, 'Ye have all done valiantly, but there is one amongst you who hath *NA PIER!*' (no equal) and calling Donald into his presence, commanded him, in regard of his worth, service, and augmentation of his honour, to change his name from Lennox to *Napier*, and gave him lands in Fife, and the lands of Goffurd, and made him his own servant."—*English Surnames by Lower.* (From a MS. temp. Charles I., written by Sir W. Segar, Garter King of Arms; quoted in *Burke's Commoners.*)

The higher powers of the imagination are something very different from mere figurative language, and what petty critics call the flowers of poetry. When the inexhaustible author of *Waverley* embodies in his pictures of old national manners, invented characters, engaged in a series of interesting incidents, he displays the best qualities of grand poetical invention. Frivolous invention, exercised in tricks of language, is worse than useless. Nothing is valuable but the thought; and that when true and forcible, will commonly bring proper language with it.

A New York paper states that a certain poor person was going to open a banking-house as soon as he could borrow a crowbar.

*Warning to Bachelors.*—The mortality of bachelors, from the ages of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent. Of married men, of the same ages, 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60 there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men.—*Dr. Caspar, of Berlin.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.